

themselves all men of haire, they call themselves Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-mauney of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Way, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now (faire sheheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed lowe, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranfackt The Pedlers filken Treasurie, and haue pow'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliver'd. O heere me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doues downe, and as white as it, Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this? How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out, But to your protestation: Let me heare What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witness too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a found affection.

Shep. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain; And friends vnkowne, you shall beare witness to't: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must bee

Ith Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand:

And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,

Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his soane, a guest

That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more

Is not your Father growne incapable

Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid

With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?

Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing

But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No good Sir:

He has his health, and ampler strength indeede

Then most haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him (if this be so) a wrong

Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne

Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason

The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else

But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile

In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this;

But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir)

Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base

To be acknowledged. Thou a Scepters heire,

That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,

I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can

but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece

Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know

The royall Foole thou coap't with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. He haue thy beauty scratcht with briars & made

More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)

If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer

I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,

Farre then Denication off: (marke thou my words)

Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time

(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wot.

Worthy enough a Heardsmen: yea him too, That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein) Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou These rurall Latches, to his entrance open, Or hope his body more, with thy embraces, I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee As thou art tender to't.

Perd. Euen heere vndone:

I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice

I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,

The selfe same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,

Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but

Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?

I told you what would come of this: Beseech you

Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine

Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,

But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,

Speake ere thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,

Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,

You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,

That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,

To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,

To lye close by his honest bones; but now

Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me

Where no Priest shouels in dust. Oh cursed wretch,

That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture

To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:

If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd

To die when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard: I delaid,

But nothing alred: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking backe; not following

My leasht vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,

You know my Fathers temper: at this time

He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse

You do not purpose to him) and as hardly

Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;

Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it:

I thinke Camillo.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said my dignity would last

But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by

The violation of my faith, and then

Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,

And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:

From my succession wipe me (Father) I

Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason

Will thereto be obedient; I haue reason:

If not, my fences better pleas'd with madnesse,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:

I needs must thinke it honestly. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may

Be therat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or

The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

Exit.

In vnkowne sadomes, will I breake my oath To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you, As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend, When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not To see him any more) cast your good counsailes Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know,

And so deliuer, I am put to Sea

With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:

And most opportune to her neede, I haue

A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this designe. What course I meane to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,

I would your spirit were easier for aduice,

Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Heereke Perdita,

Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremouable,

Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if

His going, I could frame to serue my turne,

Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,

Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicilia,

And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom

I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious businesse, that

I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke

You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue

That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly

Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke

To speake your deeds: not little of his care

To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)

If you may please to thinke I loue the King,

And through him, what's neereft to him, which is

Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,

If your more ponderous and settled proiect

May suffer alteration. On mine honor,

Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing

As shall become your Highnesse, where you may

Enioy your Mistis; from the whom, I see

There's no disunction to be made, but by

(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,

And with my best endeouours, in your absence,

Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie

And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camillo

May this (almost a miracle) be done?

That I may call thee something more then man,

And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on

A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie

To what we wildely do, so we professe

Our selues to be the flauers of chance, and flies

Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me:

This followes, if you will not change your purpose

But vndergo this flight; make for Sicilia,

And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princessse,

(For so I see she must be) fore Leontes;

Shee